

# HOT DOG

THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY  
JANUARY-1922

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BITS

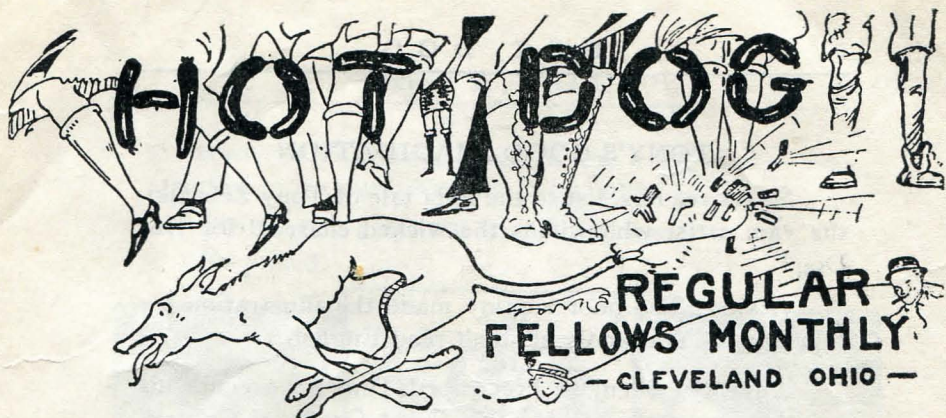


IN THIS NUMBER  
**THE ICEMAN'S REVENGE**  
*A Problem Play With Music*



Heaven will protect  
the Working Girl—  
but she often has to  
walk back anyway—





**JACK DINSMORE, Editor**

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### THE HEIGHT OF IMPROBABILITY



A cutie with half-socks, short skirts and highly-frescoed cheeks, sitting in the park, smoking a cigarette, reading a Hot Dog, on a policeman's lap in Zion City.

### TONY'S GOOD IMAGINATION

Sweet readers, list to the la-la tale of Tony Zebatski, the yam artist who wields the wicked charcoal for Hot Dog!

(Aside: The poor rummy made the illustration for this story. You know he don't read English.)

Anyway, when we first roped Tony to execute his priceless masterpieces for this Great Organ of Culture, he couldn't talk any American. I don't know yet whether his native language is Eskimo or Sanskrit, but about the only two words of the Old Mother Tongue he seems to be familiar with are "More Pay."

The crafty cookoo got in thick with a Cleveland millionaire's daughter just before Thanksgiving and arranged with the family to paint the biddy's picture for a retainer of one thousand fish.

The liz had highbrow notions and she told Tony she wanted herself painted allegorically to represent "Sympathy."

Sympathy!—sweet spirits of Prunejack! Tony set to work. Mysterious sittings were held for a month in the rougekisser's boudoir.

Finally the deepstuff closeup was finished and the family gave an "Unveiling Party."

Now an Unveiling Party isn't what you think it is. It is the picture which is unveiled.

All the starchfronts were there, lined up like mourners at a rich Evangelist's funeral. The painting was in



the corner with a curtain over it and a silken rope was attached to the curtain ready to be pulled.

The dearie's pater was to pull the rope.

He pulled.



There, to the bulging eyes of the assembled stiffs, was revealed a representation of Miss Millionbucks with NO CLOTHES and Tony standing beside her with his arm around her waist. Underneath was lettered the word SYMPATHY.

"You hashhouse hound!" cried the father, "you pie-faced Pollock! you cockeyed crum! you have disgraced my daughter. What does this mean?!"

"Well," sheepishly replied Tony, "I look up ze word Sympathy in American dictionary and it say: 'A fellow feeling!'"



## THE DRUNKARD'S CURSE

by George A. Luce

I followed the hearse of all my hopes,  
I buried them one by one;  
Gaze upon me and you will see  
What the curse of drink has done.

I had a wife and a child and a home,  
But now they are all alone;  
O God! I should never have taken that first  
Insidious ice cream cone.

But I was so young and my friends they were false,  
"Just one cannot hurt you," they said,  
And they started me there with a chocolate eclair—  
O Gawd!—what a life I have led!

My mother said, "Willy, lay off the vanilly;  
Them phosphates will lead you astray,  
The Devil himself is in sasaparilly,  
And his den is them fountains so gay!"

But the fool that I was, I but told her in scorn:  
"I can take it or leave it alone,"  
And I drank that same day a vanilla parfay—  
O Gawd, if I only had known!

For that was the start of my downfall, my friends,  
From that it was easy to flit  
Down the pathway of vice to the pineapple ice  
And the hellish banana split.



But one day an angel came into my life,  
    "I believe in you Clarence," she said,  
And I loved her so dearly, that for a year (nearly)  
    A temperate life I led.

And a babe came to us, as the babies just will,  
    And grew to a babbling child,  
But I longed all the time for the juice of one lime,  
    And the craving tormented me wild.

But one day I fell. In a low ice cream den  
    I slunk with an awful slink,  
And I staggered me homewards when nightfall came  
    on  
    The victim again of drink.

That night of shame is a dreadful dream  
    That will haunt me up unto my death;  
When I kissed her my child cried in accents so wild,  
    "You have raspberry crush on your breath!"

So that was the end of my sweet, happy home,  
    And thus I was left all alone.  
O Gawd, I should never have taken that first  
    Insidious ice cream cone.

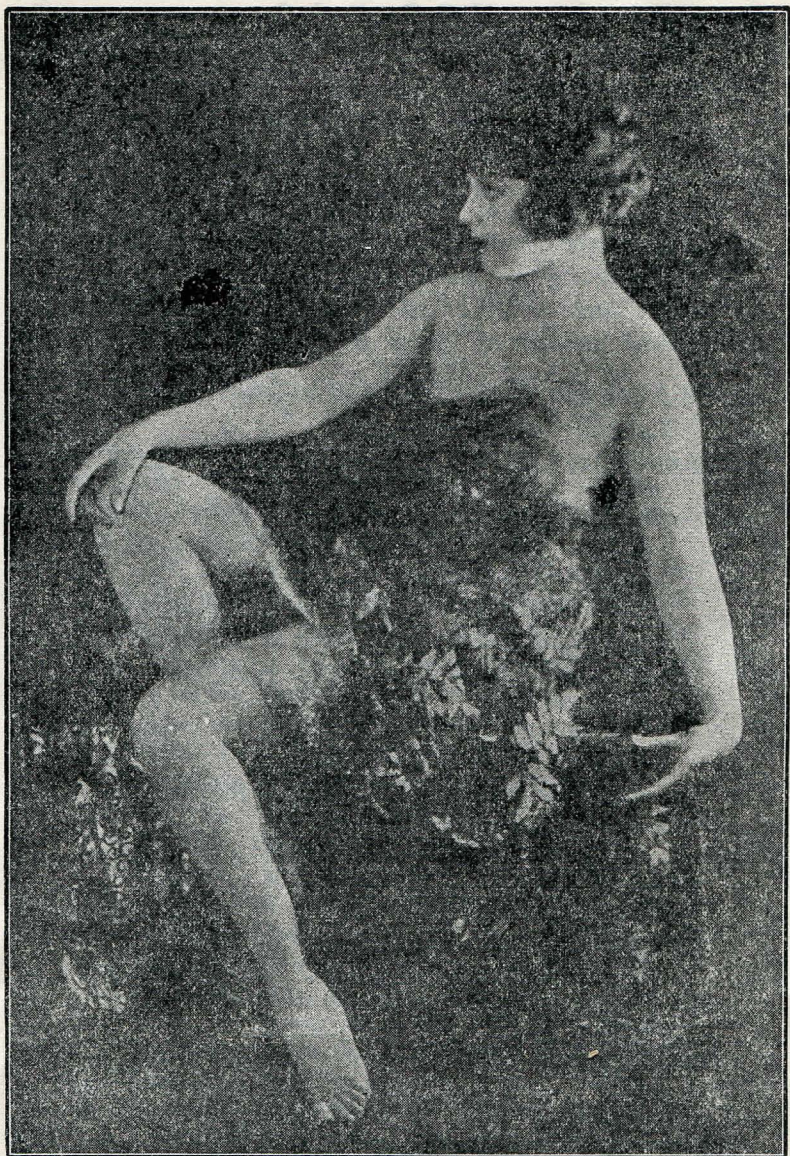
What will become of this wreck of a man,  
    This quivering, broken reed?  
"Barkeep, another parfay, I say!"  
    O Gawd,—what a life I lead!

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OLD ENGLISH EXPRESSION (No longer used)  
    "Company, Girls!"

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JACQUELINE LOGAN  
A Sweet Patootie who is jumping Ziegfield to go into the movies



## THE MOVIE RAMBLER

by Harry McMurray

I suppose I'm not the only romantic rook who blobbed forth a geyser of joy when the news came out that Constance Talmadge was parting from her husband.

Yours truly claims to be just as much of a he-man as the next home-brewer. I chew cut plug, shave my neck round, vote the organization ticket and wear dirty socks. But us boys must have our moments. And some of my juiciest moments have been watching Constance Talmadge cavort across the screen in one of her sprightly comedies.

I've got a weakness for that chick.

When I heard she married a furrin olive-oil merchant I shed a steinfull of tears, idle tears.

So did a lot of the rest of you, dang your hides.

Now she's going to divorce him and—oh hallelujah—I shall again let my well-worn imagination wrap itself around Connie ad. lib.

Getting more serious, the best comedy dramas that have been presented on the American screen have been those starring Constance Talmadge.

But I'm an honest critic and a union workman and I've got to tell the truth. Connie isn't the one who pulls down the hand-painted jampot for the merits of her vehicles. Let the praise go where it belongs—to John Emerson and Anita Loos, the co-authors of her scenarios.

Everytime a highbrow humpback comes to me and complains of the shoddiness of the movie plots, I give



him the superior eye and tell him, "Listen Buster, can the thick stuff. There is a couple of dramatic writers working for the movies who have got your French, German and British comedy writers backed off the diving board for Technique."

I've always had a soft spot in my gizzard for things dramatic and I've read lots of plays and I point to myself with pride that Li'l Harry knows something or other about dramatic composition.

On the basis of the above, I'm right here to opine that Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos have a greater command of originality, sprightliness and entirely novel human sentiment than anybody now writing comedies anywhere.

Which brings me around to Connie's latest movie, written by the above duo. It is entitled "Woman's Place" and it's a peach.

The plot is entirely fresh. Not a hackneyed situation or character in it. What's more it's thoroughly American in its setting and thoroughly American in its humor.

There are no heroes, heroines or villains in it. It's just a delicious piece of 1921 jazzy comedy.

Go see it.

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Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jill came down with a two-dollar bill,  
—Do you think they went for water?

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## ATTABOY'S BULLY BREEZES

From Tia Juana, Mexico,

by Ray Attaberry



Well, gang, they say the pun is mightier than the sword, and we all know that one joke in Hot Dog is worth two in any other buzwha Journal of Uplift. So hark ye to the bully breeze of Tia Juana, where our motto isn't Evil to Him Who Evil Thinks but Evil to Him Who Ether Drinks.

At this writing, the racing season has hardly opened, but the regular goat chasers are beginning to peter in and in about two weeks you will be able to see the horses, horses' backers and horses' tails out in full force.

Only last night I was talking to a Broad friend of mine and she said she had never seen a better looking bunch of jockeys as there is this year. and she is in a



position to know, so there had ought to be some good riding this season.

The other night I was standing around with some of the gang, hoisting a few in Jack's place. One of 'em who had just breezed in that day came in and called for a schooper of beer and a piece of limburger cheese. When he gets his order, he takes the limburger and rubs it all around the edge of his glass. Then he drinks his beer with great relish. He ordered several more beers, but the poor puke wouldn't drink them until he had rubbed the limburger on his glass.

Well, you know fellows, I'm a sailor, and I don't like to see tricks that I don't know about, so I ups to the gook and asks him, "What's the racket, stranger; why the limburger on the glass?"

"Well," he says, "I'm so used to drinking my beer in the backhouse since Prohibition that I wouldn't enjoy it unless I had the odor to go with it."

A little later, a bird who looked to me like a regular Texas bo drops into Jack's and orders a whiskey. After drinking same, he politely tells the barkeep he has no money. So the barkeep boots him out the door. Two minutes later he sticks his rump through the swingiing door, and politely asks, "I say there barkeep, "is my rump good for another drink?"

I have been drumming Hot Dog up strong around Tia Juana lately and while in the midst of same a wise-crackin' bird asks me, "Well Attaboy, since your'e so much interested in dogs, why is a dog's nose always cold?" So I told him the answer was so it won't burn the other dogs.



That will be about all for this time, but be sure to hit your newstand early next month for your Dog (right after the 20th of the month) for the Bully Breeze will be blowing like a gale by that time and as the well-beloved statesman Mr. Volstead says, "You ain't heard nothing yet."

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### A RED, RED ROSE

by Robert Burns

O my luve is like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June:  
O my luve is like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in luve am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will luve thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only luve,  
And fare-thee-weel a while!  
And I will come again, my luve,  
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

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**Nothing Succeeds Like Excess**

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## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By MRS. ARABELLA DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My sweet daddy says I am like a red, red rose. Why?.....May Mush.

Perhaps because you smell.

\* \* \*

Sweet Susie: It was your own fault.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My husband comes home every night and never goes out for a minute Whad'ye think?...Mrs. Junck.

It must be inconvenient for the other fellow.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My beau bathes himself in



milk, drinks perfume and sings soprano. What do you think is the matter with him?.....Catherine Cootie.

Nothing, Catherine, nothing.

\* \* \*

Old Schmalz: For your malady, I advise you to look at the cover of the Police Gazette for an hour steady each morning.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I have intellect, sympathy, cooking ability and money; yet no man has ever fallen in love with me. What advice can you give me?.....Poor Prunella.

Wear shorter skirts.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Goose: If you must eat herring every night, be sure to sleep alone.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: Can a virtuous girl break into the movies?.....Ambitious Alice.

See what the New Testament says about the camel and the eye of a needle. ...

\* \* \*

Sallie Softstuff: Couldn't you get the job any other way?

\* \* \*

Knockkneed Nell: Yes, Callimachus Balzoff is married.

\* \* \*

Helen Hokum: You will live to regret it.

\* \* \*

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is the best way to break into society?.....Prue Pew.

Marry a bootlegger.

\* \* \*

Greasy Gracie: For Shame!



## A CREED for Regular Fellows

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¶ WE need no law, no jury or no judge to tell us when we're wrong---we need but heed the instant signal from within to condemn a thought, intention or an act that is not square. 🍷🍷

¶ THE world's best definition of honesty is engraved upon the heart of every man, and is ever retraced by each beating pulse.

¶ THE reward for honesty is in the nobleness of the act itself---the most bitter penalty for its disregard is the insistent, whispered hissing of the soul. 🍷🍷

---Charles Armitage Stewart



## THE CAUTIOUS HAUSFRAU



Mrs. August Kraut, wife of the Councilman, is a nice fat Dutchwoman who lately has annexed social ambitions.

She didn't have any such thing when Augie was still a cement finisher and had not yet broken into the city council as a side line to the contracting business.

Well, soaks, Mrs. Kraut has just bought herself an Airedale puppy.

She walks around the block every day with the trick fido. To the right and left she casts coweyes at the

poor prunes of housewives ambling along in their Fords to buy horsemeat and alfalfa for supper.

I guess Katrina has forgotten the days when she used to walk to market and feed August on Smoked Fish Blutwurst and Nickel Beer.

The other day she was promming along with Lousy Fido when the grocer's boy passed them by.

Fido took a snap at the boy. Immediately the boy kicked the purp a good one right fair in the snoot.

"Well, I like your nerve," exclaimed Katrina in a haughty manner, "that dog will never bite you."

"I didn't think he would, Ma'am," replied the boy, "but the way he raised that right foot of his I thought he was going to kick me."

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### A HOT DOG HEAVEN

Triplet by Little Ignatz, Hot Dog Shipping Clerk

In Heaven with you I shall jazz,  
To the music of Gabriel's uke;  
Where the avenues shine with topaz,  
In Heaven with you I shall jazz;  
Though this is a music such as  
Was not promised by Matthew or Luke,  
In Heaven with you I shall jazz,  
To the music of Gabriel's uke.



## A STUDY OF THE PROHIBITION MIND



A yokel is unfitted temperamentally and by habit, to use alcohol in a civilized and charming manner.

His contempt of that use is colored by memories of sordid debauches in the back-rooms of country doggeries with fearful headaches following.

More, he is uneasily conscious of his incapacity for ingesting the grape in what he conceives to be the manner of city men—that is, in dim, romantic cafes.

Such refinements are beyond him. He is too stingy and uncouth for them. He can only go to a jug as a hog goes to its swill. Hence, in the inevitable human manner, he hates the man who can indulge in them, and is hotly in favor of making that indulgence unlawful.

That is all there is to Prohibition.

Its altruistic motives are afterthoughts, and usually they are as dishonest as its statistics.

—Henry Louis Mencken

## A DEFENSE OF PRETTY WOMEN

by Jack Dinsmore



I tell you-wot, girls, it just makes me sour in the pancreas when I hear one of the hatchetfaced sisters ooze: "Perhaps I'm not what is commonly called beautiful—but we intellectual women are never magazine covers. doncheknow!"

Holy shade of Carrie Nation! Sweet essence of gumdrops! Where do they get that line of bunk?

You know better, don't you dearies. So do I, your old campfollower, J. D.

Intellectual women are beautiful. Almost always.

It takes brains and lots of it for a woman to be attractive, you bet your rolled socks.

To rouge is human, to manufacture cheap consolations is divine—divinely rotten.

I have never yet seen a mugwump Reform Club woman with a beak like Shinola and a map like a piece of rat poison who didn't spring this cheaply-consolatory line.

Brainy women are beautiful. They make themselves beautiful.



When a female baby lies in her mother's arms, fresh from the hand of the Lord, she looks pretty much like a thousand other girl babies.

The intelligent ones, however, have the instinct of the intelligent to beautify this ugly old vale of tears and they exercise their God-given feminine intelligence in choosing complexions, forms of hairdress, shades of tulle, etc.

A beautiful woman, as philosophers and barbers know, is simply one who knows how to create the illusion of beauty about her.

A hundred years ago the poet Keats said:

Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all ye  
know

On earth and all ye need to know.

I amend it:

Beauty is Brains, Brains Beauty, that is all ye  
know.

On earth and all ye need to know.

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### OVERHEARD ON A STREETCAR

First Cutie: Oh Dearie you know I'm having an awful time feeding my new baby. I cawn't tell you the half of it.

Sec. Cutie: What's the trouble honeybunch?

First Cutie: Why, Hubby is so rabid about Prohibition he won't even allow me to get a wet-nurse.

## BRINGING OUT THE COLORED VOTE



Amanda Jefferson Brown is the highbrow lady who calls at my peaceful domicile every Monday morning to pick up the washing.

She totes it back every Wednesday with the tobacco juice stains washed out of my shirts and all the buttons gone.

Myself and Amanda are buddies. She tells me all about the sociable razor fights in her neighborhood and I ask the mammy's advice about my love affairs and how to cure my lumbago.

Last election day Amanda voted. The Wednesday



after election day she was telling me about her experience as follows:

"Well, yo' all know, Mistuh Dinsmore, dat crazy white trash wot was sittin in the booth he axes me, he does: 'Wat party do you affiliate with, Amanda?' and I tole 'im right smart back quick 'I doan need foh to ansuh sech pusal questions' and he sez 'Madam, the law requires it.' Then, Mistuh Dinsmore, I jus' got good and mad and I pounded my hand on the table and spit right out to 'm I sez 'Wy you lowdown white man, jes' you scratch my name offen de books. I ain't ago'in' to tell you wot party I affiliate with. Ef I got to tell you his name I doan wanna vote. Why man—he aint got his divohee yet!"

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This world would be more beautiful and habitable if there were more vampires and less oilcans.

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Sailing down the river,  
Sitting in the stern;  
Her hand in hisn,  
His hand in hern.

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....The fat lady will now sing a song entitled, " 'Tis better to have Loved and Lost than to have Married and Gained."

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Have a good time while you're alive, fellows. Death is so PERMANENT.

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EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS ENGLISH  
ANECDOTE



The great Duke of Wellington was once descending the steps of Westminster Abbey, where he had gone to pay homage to the tombs of Britannia's heroes.

A young subaltern approached him.

"'Tis a very wet day, your lordship," timidly ventured the subaltern.

"Yes," grunted the Iron Duke, "but 'twas a damned side wetter at Waterloo."

The young subaltern walked away. He had keenly felt the well-merited rebuke.



## THE HAIR TONIC BOTTLE

(To our readers. This poem will sing perfectly to the tune of the Old Oaken Bucket. Try it at your next party, stag or mixed. It will go over big.)

How dear to my heart is the Old Village Drug Store,  
When tired and thirsty it comes to my view.  
The wide spreading signboard that asks you to Try It,  
Vim, Vaseline, Vermifudge, Hop Bitters too.  
The old rusty stove and the cuspidor by it,  
The little back room. Oh, you've been there yourself;  
And ofttimes have gone for the doctor's prescription,  
But tackled the bottle that stood on the shelf.

The friendly old bottle,  
The plain-labeled bottle,  
The "Hair Tonic" bootle  
That stood on the shelf.

How oft have I siezed it with hands that were glowing.  
And guzzled awhile ere I set off for home;  
I owned the whole earth all that night, but next morning  
My head felt as big as the Capitol's dome.  
And then how I hurried away to receive it,  
The druggist would smile over his poisonous pelf,  
And laugh as he poured out his unlicensed bitters,  
And filled up the bottle that stood on the shelf.

The unlicensed bottle,  
The plain-labeled bottle,  
That "Hair Tonic" bottle  
That stood on the shelf.

—Ben King

## THE ICEMAN'S REVENGE

A Problem Play with Music, by Callimachus Balzoff, the Hot Dog Genius. Lyrics by Little Ignatz, Hot Dog Shipping Clerk.



CALLIMACHUS  
BALZOFF,  
The Hot Dog Genius.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE:



IKE McGOOK, the leading iceman and lady killer of Athol, Mass. A handsome youth of 48 with dyed



whiskers. He has a chest like a beer keg, a rear elevation resembling the back of his own wagon and a wicked, captivating look in his right eye, which makes his rival ice-flirts call him "Cockeyed Ike," but which has earned him the title of "Isaac of the Dreamy Eyes" among the society women of Athol.



DR. MILES SCOTCHEM, D.D., L. L. D., R. F.D., president of the Athol Reform Bureau. A noble and virtuous husband of 71. He always wears a tailcoat with a blue ribbon on the lapel, a rubber collar and onyx cuff links, which he got with Peruna labels. His face is full of wrinkles which were made by the tears he has shed for this Sinful World. Upon his coat is a button with a motto reading "To Show Others How To Be Good Is Nobler and Less Trouble."

CLARINDA SCOTCHEM, wife of Dr. Scotchem. A lady with a Soul. Age: according to her birth certifi-

cate, 38, according to her own admission, 22. A swell blonde of ample proportions; she weighs 8 pounds less than the iceman's horse.



Scene: The Scotchman's family bedroom, which Clarinda calls her "boudoir." Door (center) leading on-to street.

Time: Ash Wednesday.



As the curtain rises, a terrific rumble is heard. It



is the iceman's wagon driving up to the Scotchem home. Clarinda is sitting at her mirror.

Enter the iceman. He pulls a bottle of horse liniment from his pocket, takes a huge swallow, and sings:

I'm the iceman,  
I'm the iceman;  
The ladies' husbands say I'm not a nice man;  
I mix business up with love,  
Which I am not shameful of;  
From the scales  
To the frails—  
I'm the iceman.

(He sets a cake of ice on the stove, which is red hot and throws the tongs on the bed, covering them with the bedspread so no prying intruder may see them. Clarinda runs over and embraces him.)



Clarinda

Oh, My Noble Hero. Oh, my Hogshead of Joy.  
Oh, my Adonis, Lochinvar, Jack Johnson and Babe  
Ruth. Clasp me to your bosom as the skillet clasps

the hotcake. Let me evaporate in delirium tremens in your arms, as a skating rink evaporates under steam heat. Love me, oh, Isaac of my Soul! !

**Iceman**

Why you Big Pollock. You hunk of Ham. W'adye mean by squeezing me so hard? I'm a poor weak workman, I am. Wanna break my esogaphus?

(He gives her a kick in the chest that knocks her against the red hot stove.)

**Clarinda**

(Recovering herself and again rushing into his arms.)

Oh, my Cave Man. I love you because you're so rough. Kill me but love me!

**Iceman**

All right, Old Kid. I love you like a waiter loves tips. Like Volstead loves the people I adore thee. As a chorus girl longs for meat, so I long for thee. Lend me four dollars.

(Clarinda turns her back upon the audience and digs down into her sock for the four stones.)

**Audience**

Hey, Clarinda. You big sow. Whered'ye get that turning stuff. We paid our gelt to see something. Face around front and let us get an eyeful of hoisery. Woof! Blooie!

(But Clarinda doesn't and cabbages, limes and weather-beaten eggs are cast onto the stage from the audience. The iceman is hit on the beezer with a loaded carrot.)



Clarinda

Cease, oh cease those eggs to dart;  
Gents and ladies have a heart.  
Cast no henfruit at our ears  
And we'll move you yet to tears.

But hush! What ho? Isaac—he comes, flee, flee!

(Th iceman ducks under the bed. Just in time, for Dr. Scotchem enters.)

Dr. Scotchem

Ah, my love. Patiently waiting for your hubby.  
I see. May the blue angels bless you.

Clarinda

Thank you, dearie. Did you have a busy day?

Dr. Scotchem

Oh, indeed, very busy. We put a baby in jail. He took castor oil last Saturday and it worked last Sunday, thereby violating Rule F of the Busybody Ordinance, which I was so influential in having enacted. (notices ice melting on stove) Ye gods, what's this? Has that villianous iceman been here again? Tell me nay, Clarinda. Break not my heart.

Clarinda

Really Miles darling, how suspicious you are. You do me wrong, all wrong. I am simply preparing you a dinner of fricaseed ice.

(The iceman signals Clarinda from under the bed to keep her gab shut.)

Dr. Scotchem

Ah, my love, I believe you. You see I have faith, and faith moves mountains.

**Clarinda**

I guess the mountains take a double dose.

**Dr. Scotchman**

Ah, my darling, what an ideal family we are. I shall lay me on the bed to rest from my saintly labors while you prepare the repast.

(The doctor lies down on the bed. Immediately the ice tongs, which are under the bedspread, encounter his hindquarters. He jumps up like a rocket.)

Holy Moses-damalmighty! \*-! (more profanity unprintable.) What? Hell's fire! Tongs! Tongs! So that lowdown rooie of an iceman has been here. Oh my broken heart!

(He rushes to Clarinda and takes her by the throat. It is evident that he will choke her to death unless something intervenes. But hope, dear readers, hope. The iceman sticks his head from under the bed and emits a shrill whistle. The iceman's horse comes prancing into the house.)

**Iceman**

Sick 'em Rollo.

(The horse kicks Dr. Scotchman out of the door and onto the pavement.)

**Iceman**

(Embracing Clarinda)

Saved, darling saved! Tomorrow eve after vespers you will get the divorce from the old sourbottle and I will get the marriage license.





Enter Callimachus Balzoff. He sings:

Audience of worthy people,  
Take this lesson in your steeple.  
There's a moral in this drama  
For each mother, pop and gran'ma.  
Always be discreet and nice,  
Never mix love up with ice.

Curtain

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Sticks and stones will break my bones,  
But you can't get drunk on ice cream cones.

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Hell hath no fury like a woman corned

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## THE WISE FATHERS OF CLEVELAND



Councilman Kraut: Say Paddy, what's become of Mulligan of the Eighth ward?

Councilman McGillicuddy: Oh, you know he was arrested for arson.

Councilman Kraut: Why didn't he marry the girl?

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Mr. Brannigan: Well, Mrs. McGillicuddy, did you have a nice trip to the old-country?

Mrs. M: That I did. But the sea was outrageous rough going and coming.

Mr. B: Were you sick both ways?

Mrs. M: Sure and indade I wasn't; I only vomited.



Many a  
Good Old Soul  
is really  
an Old Heel



Variety is  
the spice of  
married life